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The Comics magazine



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Vol. I, No. 1

THE COMICS MAGAZINE

May, 1936

The Funny Pages

PRESENTED in this magazine are all original and every one of them "NEW." The creators of the features in this issue have established themselves with fame in all parts of the world. In The Comics Magazine we bring you, in each issue, a brand new batch of splendid adventures and screamingly humorous comic features. The book is brilliant with four-color reproduction and clean, sharp black-and-white. There are departments that will give you real enjoyment for your evenings. The publishers promise you that they will strive to make this the finest magazine of its kind, and they will welcome comment, criticism or praise.

Write your letters to

Yours cordially,

THE EDITOR.

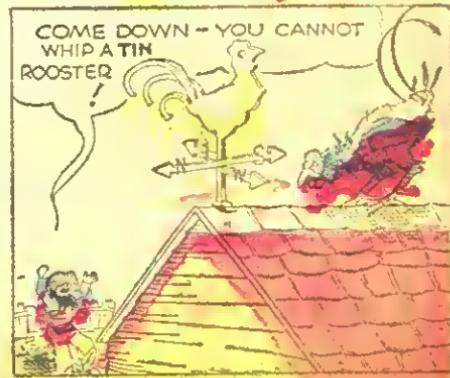
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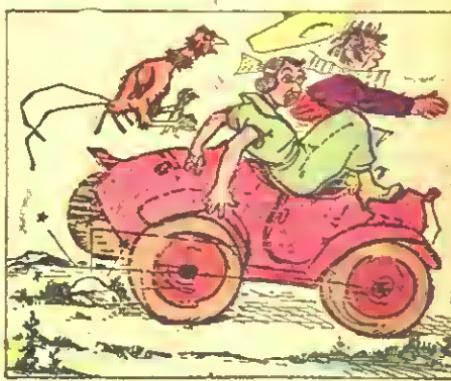
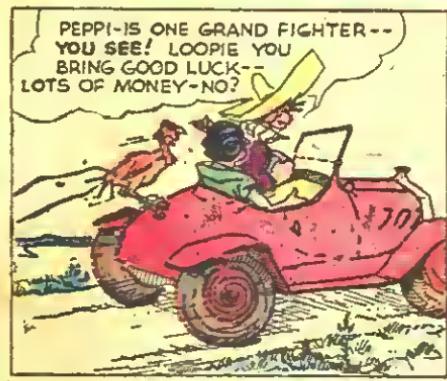
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CHICKEN CHAMPS

by Ellis Edwards





DR. MYSTIC

THE OCCULT DETECTIVE

BY
JEROME
SIEGEL
AND
JOE
SHUSTER



AN ENTIRE CITY FREEZES WITH
A TERROR AS A MASKED, WRATH-
LIKE GIANT APPEARS FROM OUT
OF NOWHERE AND STALKS AIM-
LESSLY AMID THE SKYSCRAPERS,
PEERING . . . SEARCHING . . .



HE ADVANCES UPON
THE OTHER FIGURE,
POISED FOR BATTLE!



ABOVE THE SHRIEKING CITY, THE TWO GIANTS
ENGAGE IN MORTAL COMBAT!



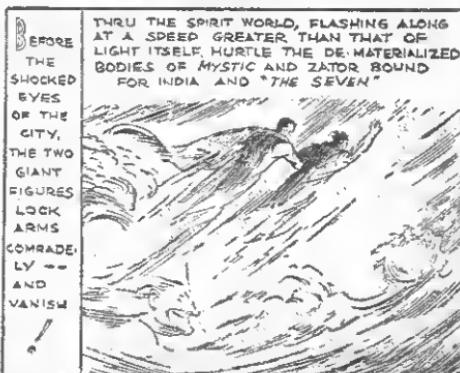
ZATOR!

YES, IT IS I, MY FRIEND!
I'VE COME A LONG DISTANCE.
I KNEW THIS WOULD BE
THE EASIEST WAY TO
LOCATE YOU, THAT YOU
WOULD WAGE BATTLE WITH
ME IF I APPEARED AS A MENACE.



IT'S GOOD TO SEE
YOU, ZATOR! HOW
ARE "THE SEVEN"?

IT IS BECAUSE OF
THEM I SEEK YOU
-- THEY WISH YOU
TO COME IMMEDIATE-
LY. LET US HURRY!



BEFORE
THE
SHOCKED
EYES
OF THE
CITY,
THE TWO
GIANT
FIGURES
LOCK
ARMS
COMRADE-
LY --
AND
VANISH

THRU THE SPIRIT WORLD, FLASHING ALONG
AT A SPEED GREATER THAN THAT OF
LIGHT ITSELF, HURLE THE DE-MATERIALIZED
BODIES OF MYSTIC AND ZATOR BOUND
FOR INDIA AND "THE SEVEN"



MONSTROUS CREATURES OF THE NETHER WORLD
SEEK TO SHARE THE TRAVELERS INTO HALTING,
FIRST BY FRIGHT

THEY'RE GOING
TO ATTACK!

THERE'S NOTHING
TO FEAR, SO LONG
AS WE CONTINUE OUR
FLIGHT THEY ARE
POWERLESS TO HARM US.



NEXT THE CREATURES TRY CUNNING . . .

HELP ME!
—PLEASE!

LET GO!
I'M GOING TO
HELP HER!

DON'T BE A
POOL! I CAN'T
SEE IT'S
A TRAP?



WHAT'S WRONG?
WE'RE SLOWING!

AS MYSTIC AND ZATOR
SLOW, THE HUNGRY MON-
STERS PRESS EAGERLY
CLOSER . . .



A FIGURE MATERIALIZES BEFORE THEM

KOTH!

I OFFER YOU A CHOICE!
JOIN FORCES WITH ME
AGAINST THE SEVEN!
OR FURNISH A MEAL
FOR THESE CREATURES



ZATOR DARTS FORWARD, HANDS SPREAD FOR
THE KILL

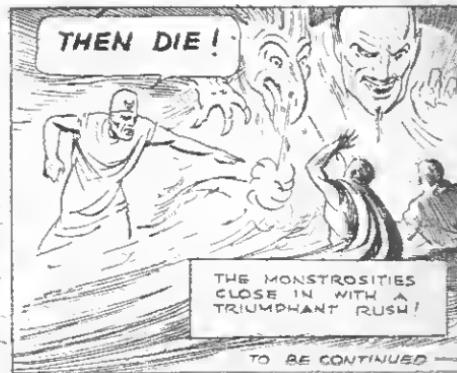
SO! THAT IS
YOUR ANSWER!



THEN DIE!

THE MONSTROUSIES
CLOSE IN WITH A
TRIUMPHANT RUSH!

TO BE CONTINUED . . .



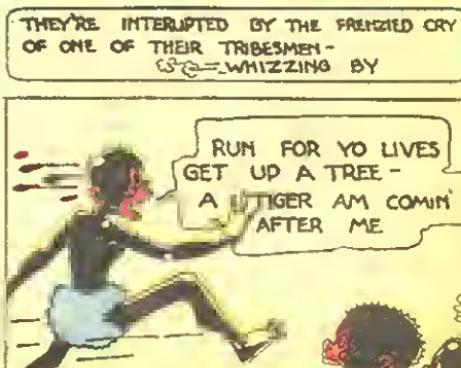


KOKO

M. MACHADO

WAY DEED IM
THE JUNGLES
OF AFRICA
IS THE MAE
VILLAGE
OF BOKOKA.

RULED BY
KOKO KOKO
AND HIS CRY-
SON-
MISCHIEVOUS
KOKO WHO IS
FULL OF FUN.





Dickie Duck

by
Matt Curzon





SKINNY SHANER

BY TOM MC NAMARA

I WONDER IF I COULD
FEEL TWICE AS HAPPY
AS I DO NOW IF I HAD
TWINS? - I DOUBT IT!



①

GUESS I'LL GO DOWN
TO THE BAKERY AND
SORTA TICKLE UP
MY APPETITE FOR
DINNER...



②

HOT DAWG! - AT'S WOT
I'M GONNA BE THINKIN'
ABOUT TO-NIGHT WHEN
I'M EATIN' MY BREAD
AND MILK! - 'AT BIG
OLE JUICY CHOCKLIT
CAKE!



③

AW HECK EMILY,
WHEN I GET THIS
DUMMY SAFELY
HOME, FOR YA -
THAT OUGHTA
BE ENUF!



④

OH NO, I'M ALSO
GOING TO LET YOU
HELP ME WIND THE
YARN FOR THE
BEAUT-
IFUL
SWEATER
I'M GOING
TO KNIT!



NOW LOOK! - YOU GOT
ME ALL HOG TIED UP
SO'S I CAN'T CHASE
THAT DARNED FLY
OFFA MY BEEZER!



⑤

OM, JUST A
SECOND! - I'LL
ATTEND TO
THAT!

WHAT? - THE?

SEE? - NOW ALL
YOU'VE GOT TO
DO IS TURN
WHILE I WIND!



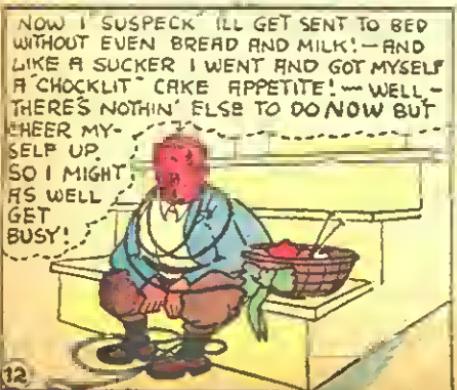
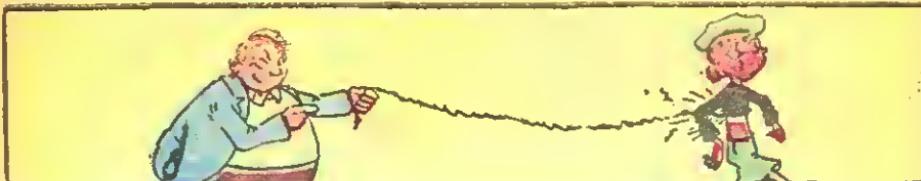
⑥

SOMETHIN'
LIKE THIS HUH?

OH, YOU CAN
TURN FASTER
THAN THAT
SKINNY "DEAH"!

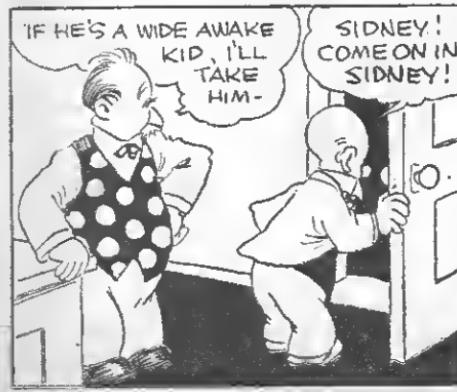


⑦



BIG SID

by STAN RANDALL





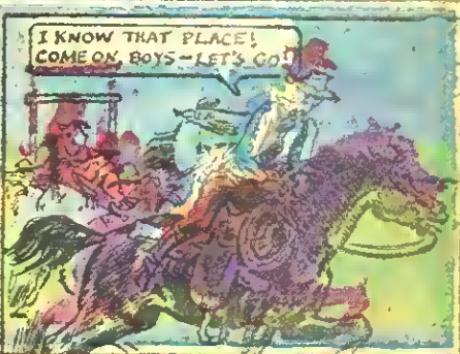
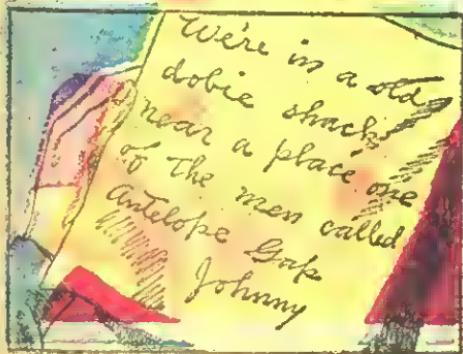
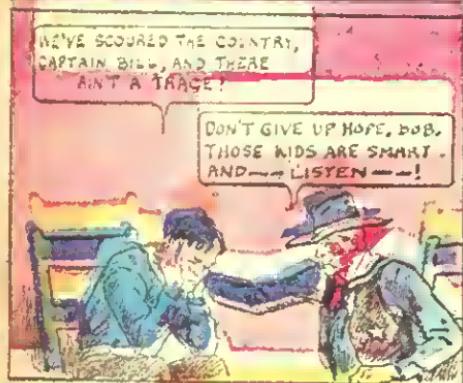


CAPTAIN BILL of the RANGERS

By W.M. Allison



This Is a Regular Feature of The Comics Magazine





CAPTAIN BILL of the RANGERS

By W.M. Allison

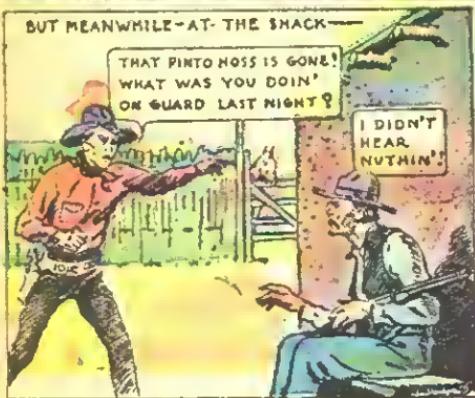
CAPTAIN BILL, WITH HIS RANGERS
HIGHTAILS FOR ANTELOPE GAP, HOPING
TO RESCUE JANE AND JOHNNY WHO ARE
BEING HELD CAPTIVES BY OUTLAWS.



BUT MEANWHILE—AT THE SHACK—

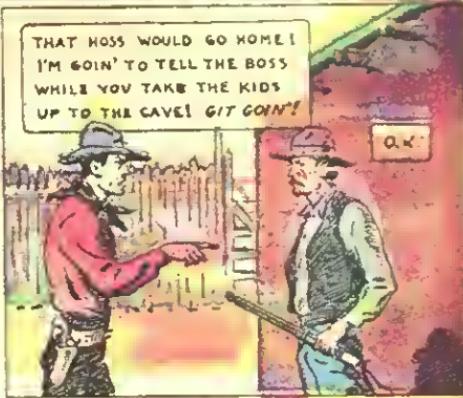
THAT PINTO HOSS IS GONE!
WHAT WAS YOU DOIN'
ON GUARD LAST NIGHT?

I DIDN'T
HEAR
NUTHIN'

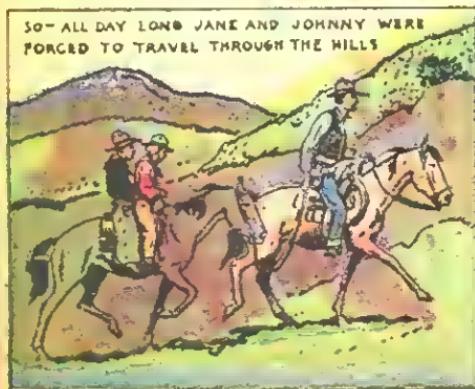


THAT HOSS WOULD GO HOME!
I'M GOIN' TO TELL THE BOSS
WHILE YOU TAKE THE KIDS
UP TO THE CAVE! GIT GOIN'!

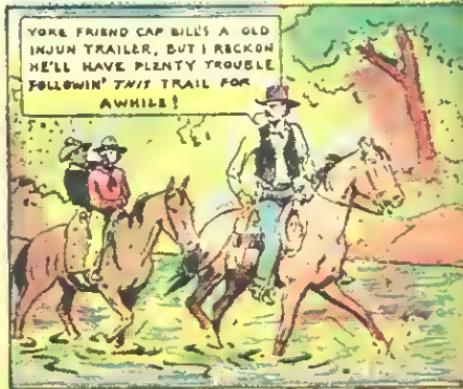
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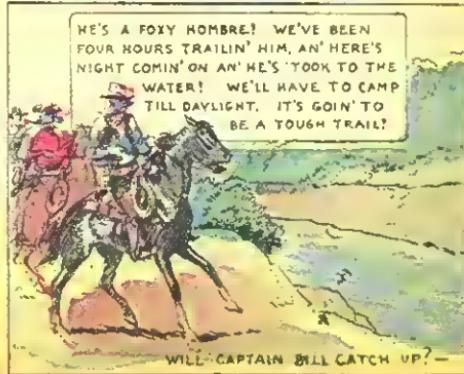
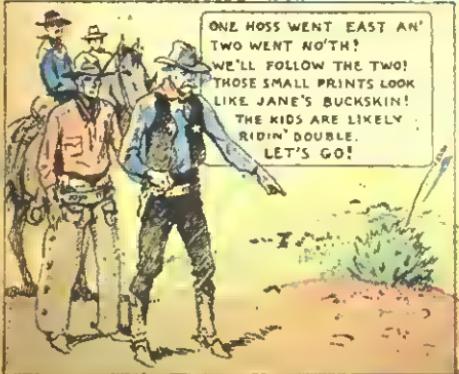
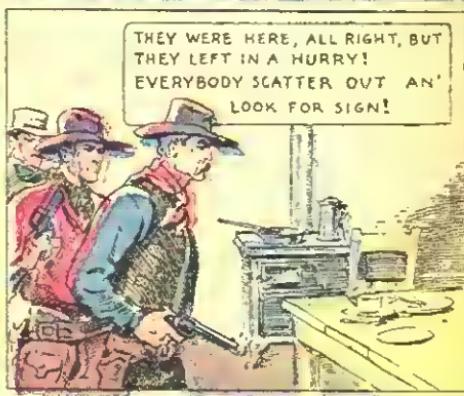
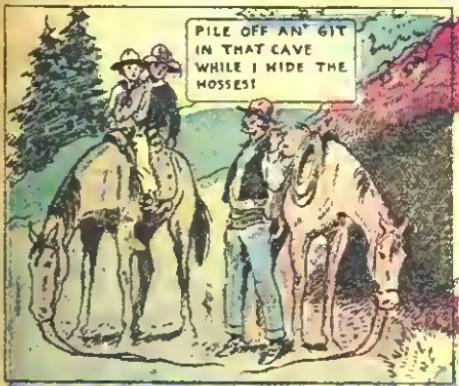


SO ALL DAY LONG JANE AND JOHNNY WERE
FORCED TO TRAVEL THROUGH THE HILLS



YORE FRIEND CAP BILL'S A OLD
INJUN TRAILER, BUT I RECKON
HE'LL HAVE PLENTY TROUBLE
FOLLOWIN' THIS TRAIL FOR
AWHILE!





Behind the Curtain

Grim Tragedy Lurked in the Shadows of the Stage Setting and the Law Rushed Detective Larry Speed to Solve the Dark Mystery that Dropped the Curtain on a Baffling Crimson Terror.

A Short Detective-Action Story

By WALLACE KIRK

DUKE" BRESLAU, alias the Count Sergi Marinkov, backed haltingly from the secret door of the Silver Buckle's private dining room. The duke, his identity discovered, was masking a getaway from the guns of the St. James boys, as they were known to the police. The cruel, hard face of the bogus count, masked behind a meticulously barbered Imperial beard, was turned to the door as he tiptoed across the heavily carpeted floor of the room. In his eyes was the baleful gleam of the hunted wolf. He heard them coming. It was not a getaway, then. It was the duke's last stand.

Whipping a short-barreled pearl-handled pistol from beneath his Tux, Breslau stopped in the middle of the room. He had reached the end of the road. The sound of voices, the swift movement of running feet, slamming of doors, crept nearer and nearer as the gang searched for him. Well, he had given them a run for their money.

"They will never know," he half whispered. "The Island of the dogs will remain a secret with Count Marinkov."

The cry of the pack rose louder, reached the door and it burst open. Blood hungry avengers of the underworld code sprang into the room, weapons blazing. Breslau laughed in their faces and stood, feet spread wide like a marksman in a shooting gallery, firing coolly.

"Come on you—scum," shouted Breslau, laughing as he called, "Where's the lights?—Ha... Ha... Ha—Nobody knows?—Who cares?—Ah... That was Sunny Bannister..."

Falling slowly, jerking as the bullets knocked him this way, then that, but doggedly keeping his feet under him, Duke Breslau at last melted to the floor, like a bit of light filmy silk that slides down a soft air current to rest in ripples beside a pool of crimson hue.

The killers crept cautiously across the floor toward their victim, stopped suddenly as a feeble, whispering effort bubbled from the Duke's lips.

"Mother," he called.

And the curtain was lowered on the last act of Clayton Hays's underworld drama "The Dark House."

TENSE and still as the walls of the theatre the audience sat gripped by the stark realism of the final scene. Sophisticated Broadway stage reviewers breathed deeply, shaking off the prickly chills

that swept them like a bleak wind. First night regulars sighed audibly, looked sheepishly at one another, then relaxed in their seats.

Just the mellowest sort of melodrama. But what a marvellous piece of acting by Farnwell Ambler. It was worth sitting through the whole show again just to watch Mr. Ambler die. So utterly true to life—and death. And his thought of his mother.

Behind the curtain was another scene with actors staring stupidly at one another as, grouped around the body of Frederick Seiter, they watched the efforts of author and stage manager to arouse the man whom the audiences believed to be Farnwell Ambler. One man stood up suddenly looking around at the cast, speechless, then he turned and rushed to the curtain, swept it aside and stepped out upon the apron.

The audience was moving slowly up the aisles, chattering, smiling, gathering in parties behind the orchestra wall. Clayton Hays called excitedly from his place on the apron of the stage as some of the people saw him and began to clap their hands.

"Is there a doctor in the audience?" he shouted. "A doctor—please—hurry!"

A tall straight man in evening clothes touched his wife on the arm, and strode quickly down the aisle, leaping to the apron. Hays led him swiftly behind the curtain.

Doctor Perry bent over Seiter, tore away his coat and vest, and the players fell back, aghast.

"The man is dead," declared Perry. "Shot through the heart."

OFFICER CORBETT, from the heat, held the company on the stage while the Homicide Squad rushed Detective Sergeant Larry Speed with two men to the Belmore Theatre.

Speed and his detail came in through the stage entrance and took charge.

"Everybody find chairs," ordered the detective sergeant. "No one leaves the stage. Who's the stage manager?"

Paul Ashford stepped forward, without speaking, and stood before Speed.

"What do you think?" demanded Speed. "You were on the stage. How could it happen?"

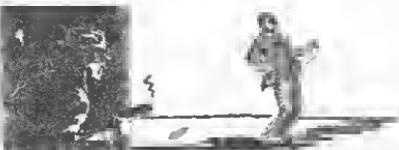
Ashford hesitated, unafrid, but still half stunned by the mysterious death. "Yes, I was right there," he said pointing to the wings, "but I can't—"

"All right," Speed cut in swiftly, "Never mind."

Clayton Hays, who wrote the play, spoke up

and explained the scene to the detectives, showed them how the action was staged and just what had happened. Speed listened attentively, his eyes travelling methodically from face to face as Hays talked. When the playright paused, Speed raised a hand.

"Okay," he said, "Who were the gangsters in this scene? Who was on the set shooting at the time? Stand up."



Seven men arose silently and all eyes turned on them.

"But those revolvers," interjected Hays, "You see officer—you couldn't kill a man with one of them. They are all specially constructed for effect. The muzzles are screw-plugged and the holes—there—" he took one from a trembling hand and showed it to Speed—"the flame breaks out here."

Speed looked at the seven black new looking big revolvers, all stage guns, fixed to conform with theatre requirements. A man could not shoot a bullet through the muzzles, even if he wanted to.

Turning suddenly, Speed ordered his men to search the seven.

"A dark stage, you said," snapped Speed, as nothing was found on the seven extras. "Everybody then. Line up there against the curtain. Search them all. Somebody shot him."

The medical examiner came onto the stage and proceeded to make his own investigation. Death by gun shot. Probing brought to light a .38 caliber lead bullet. Speed's men went through the cast, overlooking no one.

"This man," said the detective, with a sweeping gesture toward the deceased actor. "Does anybody know any reason why somebody should want him killed? Anybody know anything about him? You say he went in at the last minute to take Farnwell Ambler's role. What happened to Ambler?"

The stage manager, Ashford, spoke up hollowly.

"Mr. Ambler never arrived at the theatre," he explained. "Twenty minutes before curtain time we called in Mr. Selter and he made a quick study of the part. Something has happened to Ambler—"

There was a sudden sound of footsteps at the stage entrance. The door chain clanked and a stool scraped on the cement floor.

"What's that?" cried Ashford, and then one of the women in "The Dark House" cast swooned, and fell into the arms of a man standing beside her.

Farnwell Ambler had walked onto the stage, a bandage wrapped around his head, his eyes staring at the assemblage. To his head, "How did it go? . . . Why—" he saw to his head, "How did it go? . . . Why—" he saw the body on the floor. "What on earth's happened?"

Two short, stocky men in evening clothes now appeared brushing the curtain aside and coming across the stage.

"Who are they?" demanded Larry Speed of Ashford.

"The producers," explained the stage manager.

The detective ignored them and stepped up to the bandaged actor.

"Where have you been?"

"Me—" Ambler hesitated, frowning at his questioner. He looked across the stage at Ashford, glanced around at the company. "Who are you—what business is it of yours—I have—"

"Listen, Ambler," said Detective Speed forcefully. "This is no time for 'up-staging' me. I'm from the Homicide Division, Police Headquarters. That man has been killed and I want to know where you were—when you should have been here."

"Killed?" Farnwell Ambler drew back, aghast. "Oh, my God!—Why—How—"

Speed swung around and motioned to his men. "Put the irons on this man," he ordered, then to Ambler whose mouth opened as if to cry out. "You'll talk when we get you in the heater."

"No . . . No," shouted Ambler hoarsely, "Don't . . ." as he saw the handcuffs dangling before his eyes. "You can't do . . . Why I've just come from the hospital . . . I—"

"What hospital?" snapped Detective Speed. "How did you get in a hospital? What for?"

"My car," said the actor with arms thrown behind him to avoid the manacles. "I had a slight accident . . . In fact, I was unconscious. Call the Dickinson Hospital. I just left there."

Larry Speed stared hard at Ambler. The actor returned his gaze boldly.

"Lock every door in this theatre," commanded Speed. "Front, back, side—everywhere. Deegan" he turned to one of his men, "get on the phone in the office and find out about this at Dickinson."

As he returned to the stage, Deegan nodded firmly.

"Yeh," he said to the intense Larry Speed, "They had Ambler over there. Slight contusion. Car skidded and hit a post. He was unconscious when they brought him in. Looks queer, don't it, Larry?"

"Still," whispered the detective sergeant, "What's that?"

Somewhere out there in the theatre they all heard the sound of metal clicking, like the slipping of a snap lock on one of the balcony fire exit doors.

SEARCHING the theatre, the alley, the players; sweating them one by one, got Detective Sergeant Speed nowhere. It was well on into the morning when he shook his head grimly and saw the artists leave the theatre under escort of special "shadows." They would be calling this another of those unsolved police cases, another mystery shelved because the criminal was too smart for the law.

When the curtain rose on "The Dark House" the following night Speed, with his two side kicks, Deegan and Webb, were seated in a box. The story of the murder had been hushed. Farnwell Ambler would appear tonight as programmed. And Larry Speed believed steadfastly that Ambler was connected in some manner with the killing of Selter.

"They look absolutely alike," Speed mentioned to Webb beside him, as Ambler, suave and debonair, behind his crepe hair Imperial and moustache, walked smoothly through his part as Count Sergi Marikov. "Selter and this Ambler—same size—build. Even voice."

Two acts and three scenes unfolded before the detective's eyes. The third act opened. Ambler, playing the dual role, was giving a splendid performance. No trace of his scalp wound showed over the footlights. Make-up skillfully applied, covered this. Then came the last scene of the play.

Speed was nodding slowly to himself, impatient. Back of the curtain they could hear slight sounds as the crew switched the sets.

I know now," said Larry Speed, to Webb and Deegan. "This Ambler was the bird mixed up in that wild party last winter in Gladys Deizar's flat. 'Member?' His companions nodded. "That's who he is. The Broadway actor that Hook Fanley swore got those sparklers. I knew I'd seen his mug some place. Ah."

The curtain was rising now. The audience hung on the edge of its seat, tense, listening to the bitter heroine. And from the opposite door came Count Sergi. He was Duke Breslau now, and he backed haltingly from the door. The cruel, hard face of the bogus count was fixed on the door. A hunted wolf. And behind him—

"They never found those sparklers," mused Speed under his breath as he watched Ambler's superb acting.

"That's a fact, Larry," whispered Webb.

Whipping a short barreled, pearl handled pistol from beneath his Tux, Breslau stopped in the middle of the room.

"Traybiers will never know," the actor growled. "The Island of the dogs will remain a secret with Count Marinov."

Into the room sprang the bloodhounds of the underworld. Breslau laughed in their faces and stood calmly, as they opened fire in the half light of the secret room, shooting back at them.

The detective sergeant and his cronies watched it intently; saw the mob crowd in the door, saw a couple of them topple forward on their faces; dying a stage death; saw Farnwell Ambler clutch at his heart, and stagger, bending, choking—dead.

"A good actor," remarked Speed, rising and standing in the arch of the box. "He jerked there like a guy with a real slug shot into him. You 'member Hook Fanley was sent up to the icebox for that job?"

Detective Wehh dragged Deegan out by the arm and the three started down the stairs, their conversation drowned in the hum and buzz of the audience filing out of the house. As they reached the orchestra floor and Speed beckoned them toward the small door that led to the stage, they halted stiffly.

Beyond the asbestos curtain a woman screamed.

Speed was first through the door. Players, stage hands, extras were milling about. Speed grabbed the first man in his path.

"What was that?" he cried. "Who screamed back here?"

"It was Miss Latham," stammered the man, "the leading woman."

"Where is she?" demanded the officer, glancing around swiftly. "What's this?"

"They've carried her out to her room," offered the man. He raised a faltering hand, trembling now, pointing to the set, and the detectives saw men and women crowded in the center of the stage. "Mister Ambler's dead," the man added.

LARRY SPEED shoved his way through the circle of players. Paul Ashford was crouched beside the body of Farnwell Ambler, and Ashford was staring upward, far into the heights of the fly gallery.

Speed went over Ambler quickly.

"Webb—Deegan!" he shouted. "Quick! Shut the house tight. This time we'll get 'em. Everybody quiet. Ashford, help me get the ushers, door men an' all hands to clear the house out front. Throw on all lights, front and stage. You seven," he snapped spinning swiftly on his toes to face the dumbfounded extras who had appeared only in the last scene as "killers"—"Line up!" he ordered, and whipped his gun out covering them.

While Speed searched the seven "stage" killers the curtain was being raised. All lights were on now. Webb and Deegan had posted the front doorman, two porters and Ashford around the house at the side exits. The front doors were locked, tight. Larry Speed satisfied himself that the extra men were beyond suspicion.

"Put all the women in one dressing room," he said calmly. "Keep your voices low if you have to talk."

The women were bundled off stage and shut up in the first dressing room and Detective Larry Speed faced the others, speaking briefly.

"The man who killed Ambler," he said, "is still in this theatre. I'm giving him a chance to come out and give himself up. Here," he turned to the stage hands, "take this set away, quick Webb! Start under the stage. Deegan, get up through the boxes on that side."

Speed scanned the house from the stage where he stood. Row after row of seats; orchestra, balcony, gallery; a dead stillness over all. He watched a spot in the balcony like a tiger watches a buck's horns moving in the jungle. It was no dream. Somebody was crawling along a row, between the seats, in the balcony.

"Mike!" Speed yelled at Deegan. "Mike, let him have it."

With an oath a man sprang up and raced frantically across the balcony, gun waving. Speed shouted for everybody to duck. A porter covering the exit door toward which the fugitive was plunging, fled, diving out of sight between the seats. Speed's pistol roared, and the killer's gun flung down, blazing. The people on the stage hurried themselves out of the zone, as Mike Deegan went dashing up the steps from a box, firing at the moving target.

"Under cover," shouted Speed running for the left stairs. "It's the Hook. Hook Fanley. Drop that gun, Hook!"

But Fanley was at the exit door and shoved it open, turning to throw a final shot at Detective Speed. Reaching the door Speed banged it open and leaped out onto the iron fire stairway. Deegan came at his heels, a ragged bullet hole in his sleeve.

"I'll get him," shouted Speed. "There, that's him." They saw Hook Fanley drop from the ladder at the bottom, hug the wall of the buildings and race swiftly out of the alley to the street. Speed plunged down the stairs and was gone.



A TAXI swung around the corner with groaning gears as Detective Speed reached the street. He jumped to the running board of a parked taxi. "Get that machine!" he yelled at the driver as he dropped into the baggage space beside him. "Step on it!"

The car shot away from the curb and Speed felt the lurch as the "night hawk" missed the corner curb by a hair. Then the race was on.

Down the block like Hades on wheels, the two raced, the law car backed by the shield in Larry's pocket, screaming its warning horn to the skies,

Speed felt his driver slip down a little, crouching, expectantly. Bullets might start to fly. Speed remembered his gun; dug out bullets from his pocket and reloaded as the two cars fought for balance on the turn.

"He won't shoot," Speed told his driver. "He wants to make it if he can. Watch it. There's swing over."

The machine that carried Hook Fanley swerved, hung on two wheels and dove suddenly into the side street, screaming with speed, and behind it came the law car with Larry Speed clinging to the windshield, head down and his gun coming up.

The roar of his gun blazed the night, and Speed watched narrowly, saw the car ahead lurch, heard the screech of brakes, then felt his own machine swinging its tail as the driver jammed his foot down. Fanley had leaped from the crippled machine and dashed into the wide door of an all-night garage.

Speed ran as fast as he could to the garage and arrived in time to see the lift going up. On it crouched Hook Fanley. He fled as he saw the detective and Speed threw himself flat.

"Stay where you are!" shouted Speed to a couple of mechanics who appeared. "Keep out of this, you."

With this warning he plunged for the elevator shaft. It was one of those affairs open front and rear. Only a chain for safety. Speed measured the distance and jumped for the undercarriage of the lift itself, catching it with his finger tips. Then he scrambled fast hand over hand across the bottom of the platform and hung, listening.

Hook Fanley was still going up. Speed saw the second floor at his shoulder, then the opening, and he knew he was doing a thing that few coppers would try. As the opening widened he put every ounce of his strength into a desperate swing and flung himself up, over the edge of the lift.

"You gotta nerve," snarled Fanley, whirling, I—"

Both guns blazed together, the detective shooting as he rolled wildly to one side, half rising and firing again as Fanley took a step away from the control and settled down to his knees. He tried to lift

his gun again, and Speed was on him in a diving tackle. The weapon went clattering, and Speed pinned Hook against the side wall of the elevator.

Fanley groaned, holding his breast. "The first guy, Speed," he mumbled. "I was wrong. I was out to get Ambler. I figured it all out, and it woulda been perfect—made to order, huh?"

Detective Speed stood up and placed his hand to his side. His head was swimming. Blood oozed from a wound under his arm pit. He reached over and took the control in his hand, moved it, felt the lift stopping, then threw it over and started it down to the street level.



"Yeh," said Speed, his eyes on Hook. "Spill it, Hook. What did Ambler do to you?"

Hook Fanley lifted his face, tiredly. He was slipping fast.

"You ask me, Speed. I took the rap—didn't I?—And he took the sparklers. Thirty thousand worth—and he wouldn't split a dime. I'm sorry about that other guy. He was playin' this lousy part an' I—"

The lift was stopping itself at the street floor, and Speed glanced knowingly at the figure of Hook Fanley, bent against the side of the car. So Farnwell Ambler DID have those stones. Farnwell Ambler, alias "Duke" Breslau, alias the bogus Count Sergi Marinkov: a character man, as they say in the theatre—but a questionable character, as they call it at headquarters. And a crook!

"Hey!" Detective Sergeant Speed called to one of the four men standing near the garage office. "Back a taxi in here, mister, and make it snappy, please."

In the next issue of The Comics Magazine you have a real treat in store for you. Don't miss the new story by Wallace Kirk, popular author whose yarn you have just read. His story next month will be about a dog; an Airedale pup who grows up with the heart of a lion and courage enough to fight his way into your own heart for keeps. So watch out for the next issue and read about the game little terrier who stuck to his guns and proved that even a dog remembers.

Don't Fail to Find
the Coupon
in This Issue

CAP'N TRIPE

BY
TOM-
COOPER

WELL! MR. BONEFACE
WHAT IS IT?

IT'S THE MEN CAP'N!
THEIR FEELIN'S
ARE HURT BE-
CAUSE THE PORK'S
SORTA ACTIN' UP!

WHO'S THE LEADER
IN THIS COMPLAINT?

AMR. WHIFFLE PIFF

NOT MISTER
PIFFLE WHIFF?
BRING THE DOG
HERE!

WHIFFLEPIFF
- IT IS SIR!

MORNIN JUDGE!
ER I MEAN CAP'N!

PIFFLEPIFF!
YOU WOULD
BETRAY ME?

NO! NO! NOT THAT SIR! - YOU
SEE IT'S THE PORK - THE
PORK GOT TO DOIN' THINGS
THAT ANY RESPECTABLE
PIECE O PORK WOULDN'T DO!
AN' THAT CREATED A GREAT
CONFFLICT WITHIN OUR
HEARTS--

SO?

SO, IN DEFENSE, AND RESPECT,
TO OUR FEELIN'S, WE, ALL WITH
ONE ACCORD VOTED, THAT
JUDGEMENT SHOULD BE PASSED
UPON THE AFOREMENTIONED
OFFENDER - TO WIT - THE PORK!



OUR ESTHETIC SENSE, WAS
OFFENDED! - WE COULD
NO LONGER TOLERATE
SUCH BASE BEHAVIOR
ON THE PART OF ONE
WHO'S ANCESTORS RANKED
WITH THE HIGHEST - !

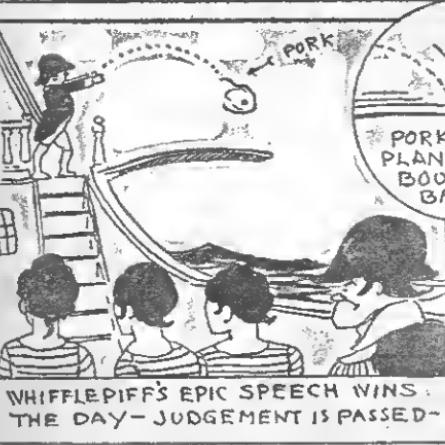


YES-RANK-SIR!
RANKER THAN
THEIR RANKEST!

YES! MR. PIFFLE-
PORK! YOU GOT
A WHIFF OF THE
PIFFLE-ER-I
MEAN A PIFF
OF THE WHIFFLE



IT SHALL
WALK THE
PRANK!



PORKCHOPS 'N' GRAVY

BY AL STAHL

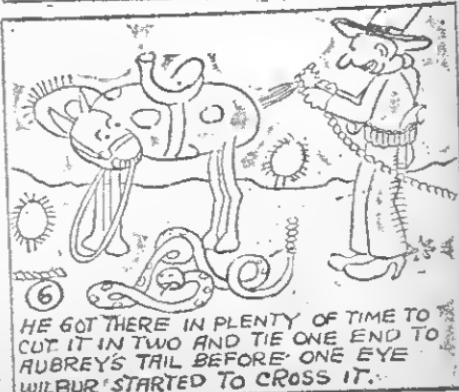
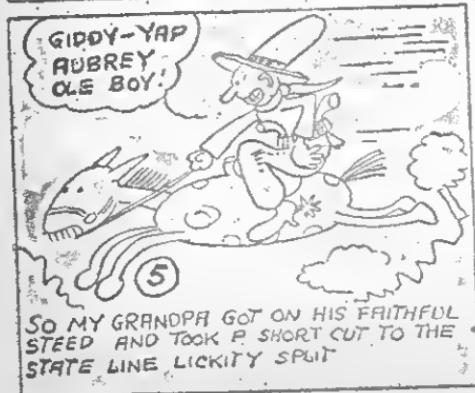
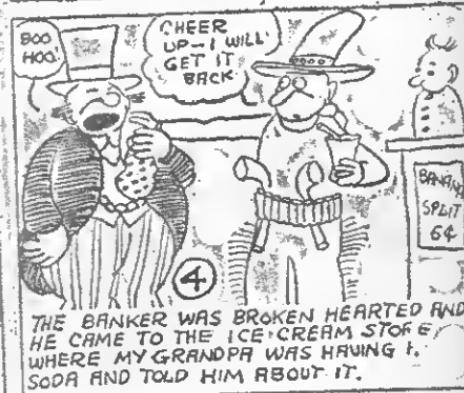
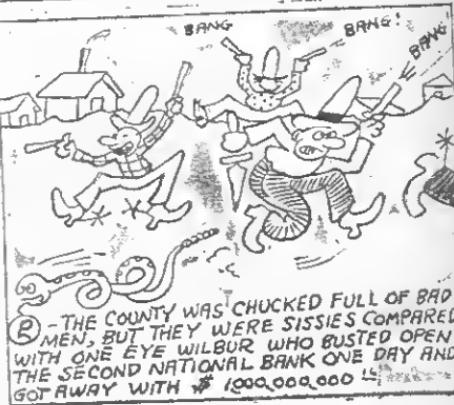


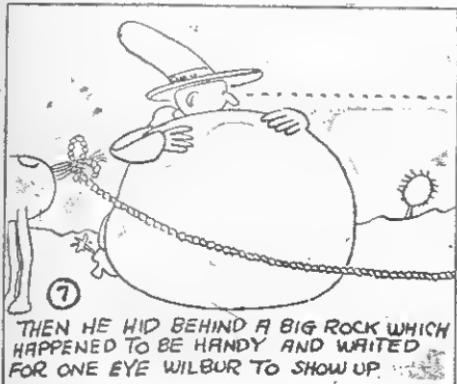
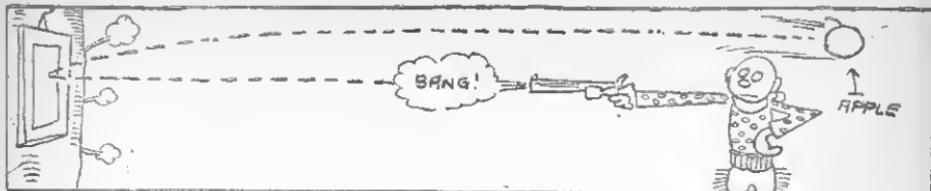


MY GRANDPA

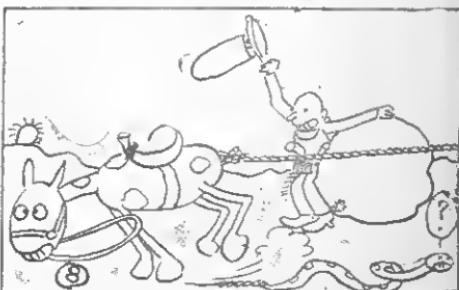
BY
LEFTY PETERS

ASSISTED BY TOM McNAMARA





7
THEN HE HID BEHIND A BIG ROCK WHICH HAPPENED TO BE HANDY AND WAITED FOR ONE EYE WILBUR TO SHOW UP.



8
AND WHEN HE DID HE TOLD AUBREY TO PULL THE STATE LINE TIGHT WHICH HE DID, BEING A VERY FAITHFUL STEED, AS I HAVE SAID BEFORE.—SEE PICTURE 5.



9
THIS TRIPPED ONE EYE WILBUR'S HORSE RIGHT ON HIS NOSE SPILLING HIS MASTERS OFF ON HIS HEAD AND STUNNING HIM —



10
SO MY GRANDPA HAD LOTS OF TIME TO GALLOP OVER AND CAPTURE HIM BEFORE HE COULD DRAW HIS GUN AND GET NASTY ABOUT IT.



11
THE BANKER WAS SO PLEASED WITH THE FAVOR MY GRANDPA DID TO HIM THAT HE GAVE HIM A REWARD AND LIVED HAPPY EVER AFTER; BUT GRANDPA —



Yours truly, *Agby*

T'AIN'T SO!

SO IN T'AIN'T SO I APPROPRIATELY ASKED IF THAT SO PECULIAR MOUNTAIN RANGE WAS A MONSTER. JOE LEITCHFIELD

ON MY ANNUAL TRIP TO THE GREAT SOUTH WEST WITH MY EVER-READY MINIATURE CAMERA, I SAW A PERFECTLY CYLINDRICAL MOUNTAIN RANGE STRETCHED ACROSS THE LAND LIKE A HUGE WORM, TO MAKE A PANORAMA VIEW -



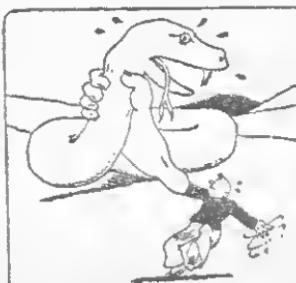
I HAD TO GALLOP A HORSE FOR TWO DAYS, CLICKING MY CAMERA CONSTANTLY. ON COMPLETING MY SNAP SHOTS I PREPARED TO DEVELOP THE NEGATIVES IMMEDIATELY - AS I AM AN IMPATIENT SOUL.



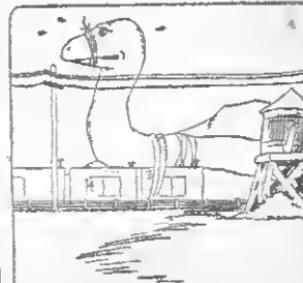
I HAD MY DEVELOPING SOLUTION IN PANS READY TO START WHEN A GREAT SHADOW CAME OVER THE VICINITY. LOOKING UP, I SAW THAT MY MOUNTAIN RANGE WAS IN REALITY A MONSTROUS RATTLE SNAKE.



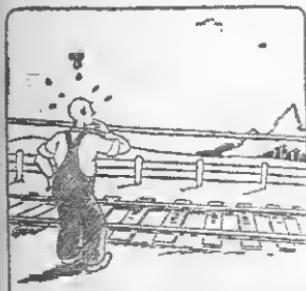
IT'S HEAD WAS POSED TO STRIKE SO IN CONSTERNATION I FELL OVER MY DEVELOPING SOLUTION SPILLING IT ALL OVER MY RIGHT ARM, WHICH DEVELOPED TO ENORMOUS PROPORTIONS. TO SAVE MYSELF I CLUTCHED THE MONSTROUS



BEPTILE BY THE NECK AND DRAGGED IT TO THE NEAREST AIRDROME AND IMPRISONED IT IN A HANGER. I THEN PHONED A NEW YORK PROMOTER WHO INSTRUCTED ME TO SKIP MY PET EAST.



AFTER SOME DIFFICULTY WE LOADED HIS HEAD ON A FREIGHT TRAIN AND STARTED TO DRAG HIM TO THE EAST COAST. THE SNAKE, STUBBORN LIKE, WOUD HIS TAIL AROUND A CLIFF AND REFUSED TO BUDGE.



THE TRAIN, JUST AS STUBBORN, STEADILY STEAMED EASTWARD - STRETCHING MY FRIEND THINNER AND THINNER.

TWO DAYS LATER A MAN ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF AKRON OHIO, ON CROSSING THE TRAIN TRACKS,



NOTICED A LONG THIN SOMETHING STRETCHING ENDLESSLY IN EACH DIRECTION - SO HE CUT IT WITH A KNIFE - THIS CAUSED THE TAIL END TO SNAP BACK AND LAND IN THE PACIFIC OCEAN WITH SUCH



R.G. LEITCHFIELD

A TERRIFIC SPLASH THAT IT RAINED SALT WATER STEADILY FOR THREE DAYS OVER THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA. THIS LEFT SO MUCH SALT ON THE GROUND THIRTY THOUSAND PEOPLE, THINKING IT WAS SNOW, MOVED TO FLORIDA

STAMP COLLECTORS

By Prof. Phillip S. Pace

ONE OF the first questions asked by people, whether young or old, boys, girls, fathers or mothers, when the subject of stamp collecting is mentioned is: "How does one start a stamp collection?"

Well, the answer to that one is very simple. One begins to notice stamps, to save odd stamps which may come in their mail, or to have friends save the stamps from their foreign mail. Some boys and girls have started fine stamp collections by making a regular picnic out of a hunt through the old attic. Almost every home has old trunks or boxes stored away in an attic or in the cellar. Old letters, long forgotten, written perhaps from some far away port of the world, may be lying there now, gathering dust and waiting for some energetic young fellow or young lady to discover them and rescue the old stamps.

That is one way of starting the fascinating hobby of stamp collection. Here are some others for you. If you have friends or relatives who may work in a bank or some large business institution, ask them to bring home to you all the foreign or unusual stamps they observe during the course of their business day. Some folks, and this editor has seen them himself, make a practice of searching the wastebaskets of every office they visit for stamps that may have been thrown away on opened envelopes. We'd suggest however that if our readers decide to follow this plan, they first obtain permission of the office manager.

THE QUICKER METHOD

For the young would-be collector who is in real earnest about adopting this hobby there are two swift and sure ways to begin; first, to purchase stamps from some reliable dealer; and second, by exchanging duplicates with collector-friends.

When you come to buy stamps, remember that the best and least expensive beginning for your collection is to purchase what stamp dealers call a "World" or "General Variety" packet. These packets range in size from one hundred to

several thousand varieties, and are priced accordingly. If you will buy the largest general variety packet which you can afford, you will obtain—and at the lowest possible cost—a large number of stamps representing many countries. These will make an excellent foundation on which to build your collection.



The Austrian Stamp Issued in 1917 to Commemorate the Death of the Archduke Ferdinand and His Wife.

Even boys and girls who have never saved stamps know that a collector must have an album in which to keep his collection. Some young people we know have started the hobby with a plain, ordinary copy book of the sort they use in school for compositions. This is all right if you don't take your hobby seriously. But if you are going in for collecting and going to really amount to something with your "philately" as the hobby is called, then you will want an album. You can keep your sets better and arrange your stamps to show off to the best advantage.

Albums, in case you may not know, are designed especially for this purpose. Spaces are allotted for certain stamps and certain groups or sets. Albums, too, generally furnish one with a great deal of useful information regarding special stamps, with names and dates and the reasons, historical, for the high value of some stamps.



The Winged Horse—An Uruguayan Air Mail Stamp.

Now if you are a collector already and are interested in a new album, or if you, after reading this, have decided to make a start in this fascinating hobby and you want to know about the right kind of album to use, write a note to the STAMP EDITOR, of this magazine, at 11 West

JUNIOR LIBRARY

BY
FRANCES HOPE

This department will make every effort to assist readers of the magazine in locating certain book titles, old or new. If you have any questions about books, authors or the location of publishers of certain classes of books, write your query to this department. If you require answer by mail, please enclose postage.

WITH the coming of Spring and all the exciting plans most of us are making for the Summer, we don't seem to find as much time for reading as we did during the long, gray cold days of the Winter just past, which the men who keep records of the weather all over the country for the past seventy years tell us was the most unpleasant of them all. However, there are always rainy days, and hours here and there when there is time and the inclination to sit down and lose one's self among the pages of a good book, an old friend or a new one.

Now, boys and girls, I shall try and tell you of a few of the newest books published for young people, but I do hope that your reading them will not make you forget your old book friends, those which are your favorites and which you find delight in reading over and over. However, there are always birthdays and occasions for presents or rewards, and what could be nicer for either occasion than a book which one can treasure always?

Here are some of the newer offerings of the publishers:

HEROES OF THE SHOALS: By Allen Chaffee. This book is made up of true stories and real adventures of the United States Coast Guard, the intrepid men who patrol the long, long coast line of our country. While the book can, of course, cover only a very small number of the tales of their bravery and daring, those it does tell are thrilling indeed and help to make all youngsters still more proud that they are Americans. It tells of men rescued from sinking vessels, ponies rescued from a grounded barge, first aid brought after a terrific explosion, and the work of the International Ice patrol which covers the steamer lanes in the North Atlantic ocean. These fearless men dynamite the great icebergs so that they shall not be a danger to ships. There are many diagrams and drawings of the equipment used, photographs made during rescues and a brief though complete history of the United States coast guard. A fine book and it is published by Henry Holt & Co., New York City. Price \$2.00.



Stamp Collectors—Continued.

42nd street, New York, N. Y., and enclose a three-cent postage stamp. You will receive by prompt return mail a very interesting booklet devoted entirely to stamp collecting and telling you where you can get the right kind of album for your purpose. Remember, you must enclose the three-cent stamp to cover our mailing cost only.

Why not get yourself a hobby right now; one that will give you something to do on rainy days and at the same time help you to learn something of the histories of the nations of the world. Not to mention the possible future value of your

collection. There are some collections that are known to be worth thousands of dollars.



French Air Mail Stamp

More about stamps and stamp collectors, next issue.



HERE IT IS

**The Coupon You'll Want To
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For Your Comics Insurance**

Have a sample copy of this fine magazine mailed at once to your friend, your little or big neighbor—or—yourself. Get it from your postman every month at your door—and—regularly—for a whole year—and only One Dollar!

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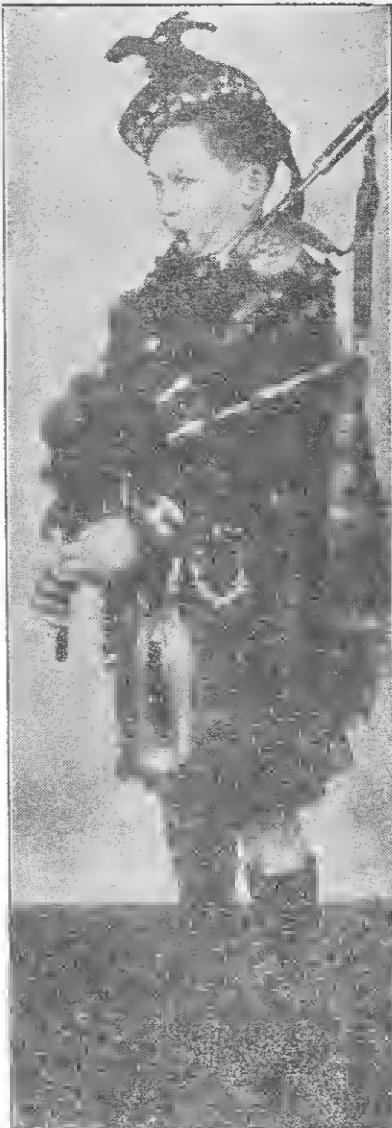
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Enclosed herewith find One Dollar for which you are to put the following name on your subscription list for next 12 issues, also sample copy of current issue:—

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CITY and STATE.....



Walter Tetley

One of the really few great child actors whose fame has spread by leaps and bounds. They call him the "Wee Harry Lauder" and his work on several important NBC programs has endeared him to millions of radio fans. Comics Magazine takes its hat off to Walter



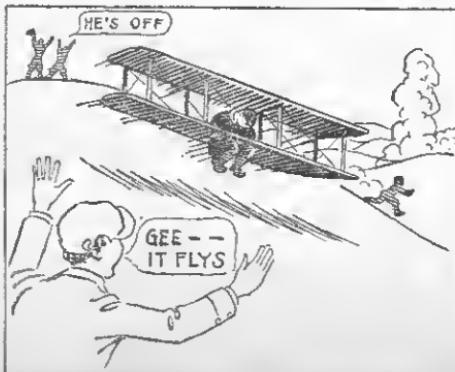
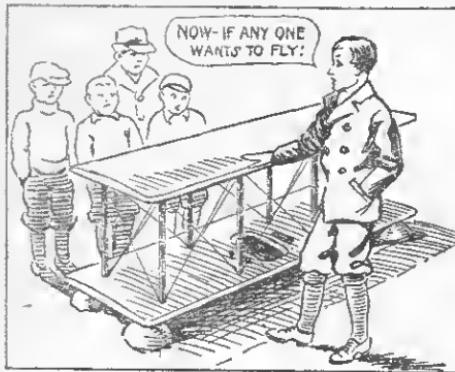
Major LORD

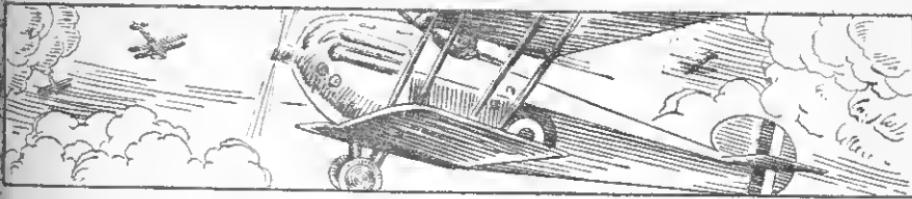
Facts, not Fiction

by Palmer

SYNOPSIS:

In his first flight Frederick Lord landed in Houston, Texas, on April 18th, 1900, not as a pilot, but as passenger of the stork. At the age of eleven years he built himself a Chanute glider and crashed on his first flight. When fifteen years old he joined the Mexican Border War. Next year he enlisted with the Royal Flying Corps in Canada. He engaged in battle with the Germans and later fought the White Russians against the Bolsheviks. He has flown in U.S. and Mexico from the Arctic to the Tropics.





SKIPPER HAM SHANKS

BY JOHN PATTERSON

Skipper Ham Shanks and his pal Poss Fash, are on their way to the South Sea Islands, to help an old friend, Spike Kelly, recover some gold from a sunken vessel. They have just arrived at their destination.



WHAT ABOUT THIS SUNKEN CRATE WITH ALL TH' GOLD IN HER HOLD SPIKE-WHERE DOES SHE LIE?

IN FORTY FEET O' CLEAR WATER NEAR THAT LITTLE COVE-AN' THERE'S A FORTUNE IN HER FOR US-AN' YA MAY LAY TO THAT!

SHUT UP POSS! WELL, LET'S HAVE AT HER I GOT ME DIVIN' EQUIPMENT AN' I CRAVES ACTION!

NOT GO EAST HAM! IT AINT QUITE THAT EASY.

YUKON FASH-IS WHAT THE CALLED ME.

GOLD! DID I EVER TELL YOU OF MY EXPERIENCE IN THE YUKON, MR. KELLY!



SULTAN SOURPUSS, WHO LIVES ON TH' ISLAND ACROSS TH' COVE, HAS LAID A CLAIM. HE FOUND THE WRECK FIRST AN' IS TRYIN' TO BEAT ME OUT O' HER!

I KNOWS YA'D ONT HAM-YOUR A SQUARE SHOOTER-BUT WE AINT UP AGAINST HOOUMAN BEINS-WERE UP AGAINST A MONSTER!

ONE ROUND FASH! THAT WAS MY RING MONIKER.

WHY TH' DIRTY SHARK EATIN' THIEF!! SHOW ME TO HIM!! I FEARS NO HOOUMAN ALIVE WHAT'S A CROOK!

I TOO, AM QUITE HANDY WITH MY DOOKS MR. KELLY.



HO! HO! HAR! HAR!
YA' MAKE ME LAUGH!
-YA' FORGET TH' TIME
I CLEANED UP ON
TWENTY TOUGH SALT'S
IN JOE'S CHOP JOINT
AT ONE TIME SPIKE!

I KNOW BUT THIS
IS DIFFERENT--THIS
SULTAN SOURPUSS HAS
A HALF MAN, HALF BEAST,
WHAT HATES EVERYONE
BUT HIM, STANDIN'
GAUD DAY AN' NIGHT!

LET'S ANGLE OVER AN' HAVE
A TALK WITH THIS SULTAN
SOURPUSS AN' GET HIM TO,
LAY OFF'ER ELSE!



HUMPH! WHAT D'YE
WANT KELLY, TROUBLE?
MY MAN CORKY WILL
SUPPLY IT IF YE' DO!
-COME HERE CORKY!

MY FRIEND AND
I CAME DOWN TO
HAVE A TALK WITH
YOU, SULTAN.

CORKY HATE
ALL PIPPLES 'CEPT
SULTAN SOURPUSS!
GR-R-R-R-R-R!

YE' GEE CORKY HATES
EVERYONE EXCEPT ME
-I ALONE AM HIS
COMPLETE MASTER,
GENTLEMEN! HEH! HEH!



LISTEN! YA' LITTLE WART--MY
FRIEND GETS WHAT'S HIS, SEE!
CAREFUL HAM!

AW! I BET ME DON'T EVEN
TALK LIKE CORK CABLE!



YE' SEEK VIOLENCE DO
YE'SILLY! OKEE DOKE!
CORKY! COME HERE!
CORKY--WHERE ARE YE?

YES SIR! CORKY, YOUD GO
OVER BIG IN HOLLYWOOD
-DIRECTOR FASH IS
TH' NAME

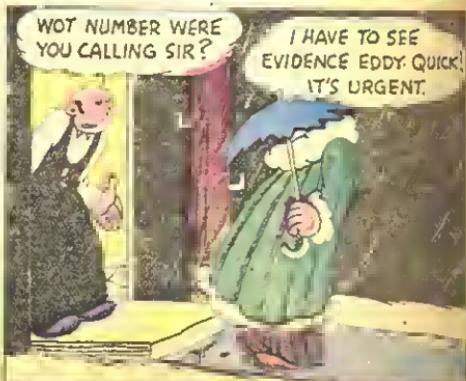
WHAT
TH!

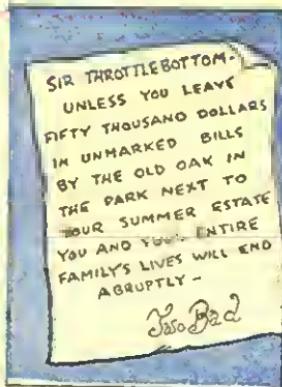
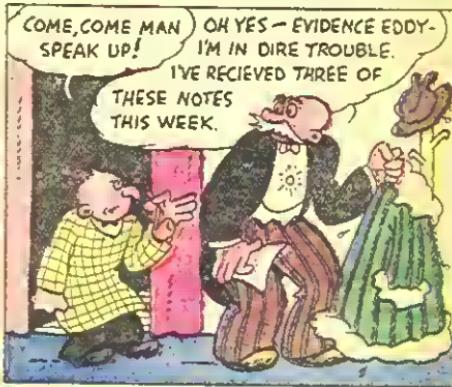
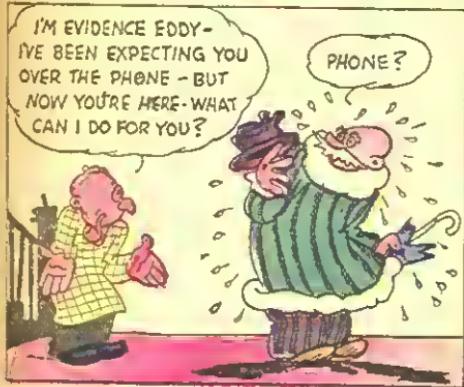
SQUAWK!
SULTAN
SOURPUSS
'HIS ONLY
MASTER
HEH! HEH!

CONTINUED.

EVIDENCE EDDY

BY R.G. Leffingwell



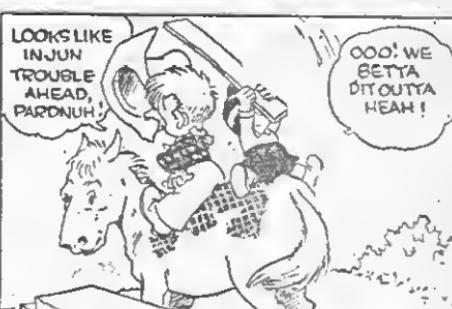


CONTINUED



SHOCKY PLUS GUS

by
STAN RENDALL



LEARN CARTOONING

BY JOHN PATTERSON

LESSON NO. 1 HEADS



TO DRAW A COMIC HEAD - FIRST MAKE A SQUARE WITH PENCIL - NEXT DIVIDE IT INTO FOUR PARTS - FILL IN WITH PENCIL - THEN INK - AND ERASE PENCIL LINE!



TO MAKE A FRONT VIEW - PROCEED IN THE SAME MANNER. TRY AND MAKE UP ORIGINAL HEADS - FIRST IN PENCIL AND THEN IN INK.



A FEW SUGGESTIONS FOR MAKING EYES-EARS-NOSE MOUTH-HAIR ETC. PRACTICE A LITTLE EVERY DAY.



FACE EXPRESSION



SADNESS



GAIETY



SURPRISE



SERIOUSNESS



GRIEF



PAIN



SPITE



CONTEMPT



STUPIDITY



SMILE



LAUGHTER



UPROARIOUS LAUGHTER

WATCH FOR LESSON NO. 2

A Crossword Puzzle

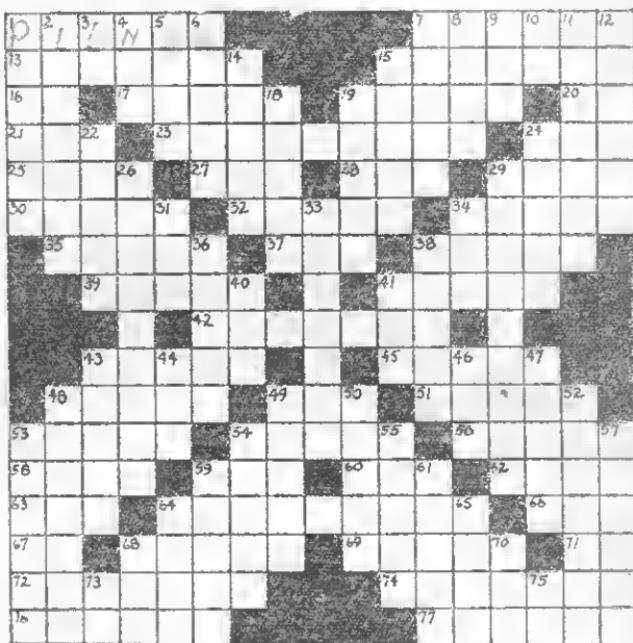
By Stanley Ashworth

This One
Looks Easy,
But Beware!

Here Are a
Couple of
Teasers

HORIZONTAL

- Wanders stealthily
- Rogues
- LASSOS
- A breed of dog
- Thoroughfare: abbr.
- Weary
- Lay out by line
- Perform
- Hill-bred fellow
- Make a copy of
- Strikes a blow
- Self (pl.)
- Manner of
- Lacks moisture
- Part of a skeleton
- Makes a depression in
- Bathes
- Stains
- Dries
- Thers (Ger.)
- State of complete contentment
- Consumed
- Deposit a seed
- Ductile
- Mentally weak
- Impromptu stories
- Mark of punctuation
- Cut short
- Emits a disagreeable smell
- Composed of a cereal grain
- Error (slang)
- Sacred song
- Periods of time
- Waves
- The (Fr.)
- Game
- This (Ger.)
- That which draws to itself
- Terminus
- Printers' measure
- Forward
- Rabbits
- Baby's vocabulary
- Grasslands
- Well heeled
- Compounds of metals
- Chalk



VERTICAL

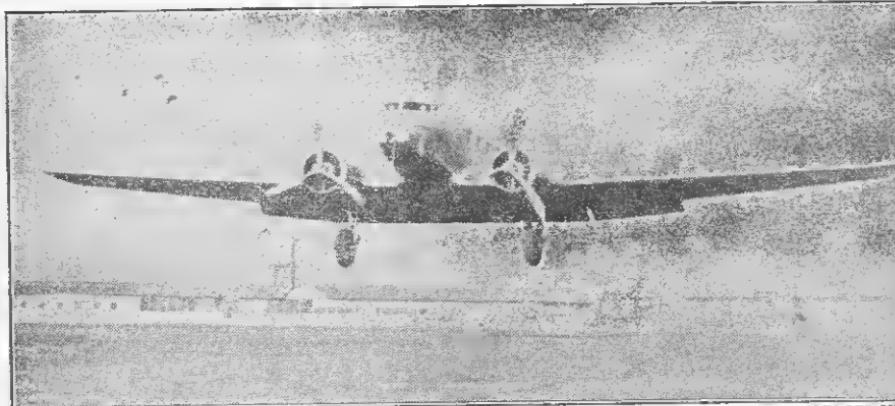
- Deposited
- Despoils
- Conjunction
- Humorist
- Den
- Scattered loosely
- Tangy
- Enclosure
- Feminine name
- Musical note
- Those who exert undue emphasis on unimportant subjects
- Inclining terrains
- Flower leaf
- Pronounces distinctly
- Water nymph
- Serpent
- He who receives a donation
- Sat upon
- Lost sight
- A complete series
- Account of
- Exclamation
- Stitch
- To obscure
- A series of woven interstices
- A thickness
- Minute particles
- Electrically charged atom
- Dress material
- Quench
- Burnt sugar
- A table for food
- Emits forcefully
- Litho
- Plant swelling due to absorption of too much moisture
- Greek letter (pl.)
- Affix another marker
- Decorations
- Simmers
- Eruptions
- Nautical hall
- Torn
- Excitement
- Salut: abbr.
- Boy's nickname
- Electrical engineer: (init.)

Another Ashworth Puzzle Next Week

Aeronautical Advisory Service

Beginning a Fascinating Series of Articles on the Subject of Flying,
and the Service or Maintenance of Aircraft and Engines, as Well as
Air Travel in General

by CAPTAIN RAYMOND CLARK



TWA AIRLINER WITH "AIR BRAKES" APPLIED, ABOUT TO LAND AFTER FLYING AT A RATE OF 200 MILES PER HOUR

Editor's Note:—Captain Clark, a recognized authority on the air service and all its branches, will answer in this department any questions about flying asked by the readers of *The Comics Magazine*. Questions must be addressed to him, care of the magazine, and will be answered in order of their receipt. No replies will be sent by mail. Readers earnestly striving to compile valuable information about airplanes and air travel, can, by keeping a file of the magazine, build up a splendid aeronautical library for themselves. So start "shooting" your questions and watch for the answers by Captain Clark in each issue.

As a result of many years of experience in the sky and around flying fields and airplane engine shops, I have found that there are a certain number of the most "standard" questions asked by novices. As regard to this modern sport and industry, in order to acquaint readers with the form in which most questions are asked, also to start this series off with some real information, I will list below a group of questions and answers covering a score or more elementary points.

If you have any problems about motors, ships of any type, old or new, routes, construction or personalities connected with aviation, I shall be glad to help any reader with the solution. Write me.

And now, here are some of the commoner questions and my answers to them:

Q. What kind of airplane is the safest to ride in?
A. Any airplane which bears the Department of

Commerce license markings "N.C" is as safe to ride in as a railway car marked Pullman.

Q. What do the letters N.C. mean?

A. The letters N.C. on an airplane mean that the plane has been inspected by a Department of Commerce Inspector and he has found it to be perfectly safe for carrying passengers or any commercial use anywhere in the U. S. A. Hence:

N.—National.

C.—Commercial.

Q. What salary do pilots usually receive?

A. The salaries of pilots vary. "Barnstormers" average from no pay at all to fifty dollars per week. Transport pilots on established air line draw from \$600 to \$800 per month and expenses. Pilots in South American and South African service usually draw from \$1,000 to \$1,500 per month.

Q. What qualifications are necessary to learn to fly?

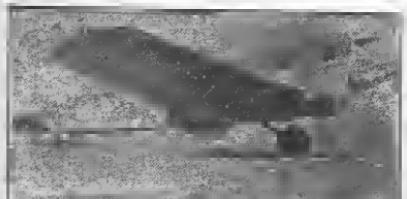
A. In order to obtain a private license one must pass a physical examination by a reputable physician, be normally intelligent, obtain a free permit from a Department of Commerce Inspector and have at least 10 hours solo time in the air.

Q. How would you compare learning to fly with learning to drive a car?

A. It is less difficult to learn the fundamentals of flying than of driving. There is no clutch to work and no gears to shift. The propeller is fastened to the end of the engine crankshaft. Pushing the throttle lever open gives more speed and power. Steering a plane is done by foot pedals. Directing "up" is obtained by pulling the control stick back. Direction "down" is obtained by moving the control stick forward slightly and pulling the throttle back to reduce the power.

Q. What keeps the airplane up in the air?

A. Airplanes are drawn through the air by the screw motion of the propeller. The blast of air thrown back on the tail surfaces of the plane by the propeller is known as the slipstream or prop wash. The wings of a plane are always attached to the fuselage with the trailing edge of the wing a few degrees lower than the leading edge. This is called the angle of incidence and gives the lift to the plane as it is drawn through the air by the screw action of the propeller.



Transport on ground showing position of air brakes, which reduce the landing speed to lowest ever attained by a transport of this size.

Q. What is the first thing to learn about flying?

A. The first thing to learn in flying is to have confidence in the pilot who is teaching you, and in the plane in which you are learning. Fear of great height will decrease and gradually disappear as your training progresses.

Q. What are the different kinds of airplanes engines?

A. The different kinds of airplane engines are: radial air-cooled, V-type water cooled, four cylinder vertical air-cooled and inverted four cylinder air-cooled. Also a small two cylinder opposed air-cooled.

Q. What kind of ignition has an airplane engine?

A. Two magnetos furnish electrical current for two spark plugs in each cylinder in every motor.

Q. What would cause vibration in an airplane motor?

A. Vibration in an airplane motor could be caused by loose motor mount bolts or by one or more cylinders missing, caused by any of the following:

1. Bad ignition points.
2. Bad spark plugs.
3. Improper carburetor mixture.
4. Poor flow of gas to the carburetor.

Q. What would cause vibration in an airplane?

A. There are several causes of vibration in an airplane. Loose interplane struts or fittings, loose landing or flying wires, airplane improperly rigged.

Q. What is meant by rigging an airplane?

A. Assembling and aligning the wings, fuselage and tail surfaces so that when it is in the air the plane will fly level laterally and longitudinally with little or no guiding by the pilot.

Q. When a plane is improperly rigged what may happen?

A. When a plane is improperly rigged it may fly either left or right wing heavy, it may be nose or tail heavy, it may "hunt," that is dart up or down or to either side unexpectedly, or it may spin very easily.

Q. What are flying wires and landing wires?

A. The wires which run from the fuselage of the ship upward to the top wing, hold the weight of the ship to the wing as the wing provides lift in the air and are called flying wires. The landing wires are from the upper wing across the flying wires to the lower wings and give the plane support while landing and keep the wings in alignment.

Q. How should flying wires and landing wires be adjusted?

A. The proper tension can be learned only through experience in the adjusting and fitting of wires. If taken up too tight they will cause the struts to bend and if left too loose they will vibrate and weaken the wing ensemble.

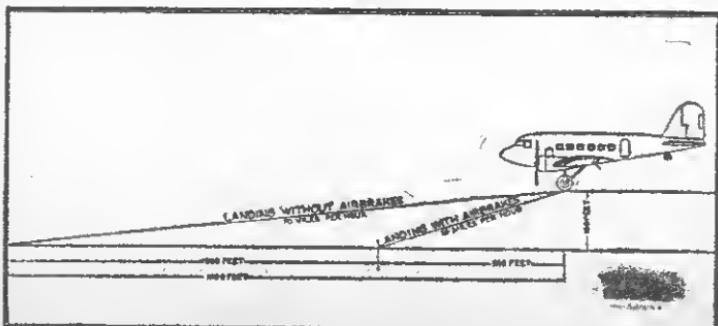
Q. Describe the fuel system of an airplane.

A. The gasoline tanks are usually in the wings of all airplanes. Most modern planes use in addition to the regular gravity feed a fuel pump driven by the engine. At the bottom of each tank is a sump with a petcock in it to drain the water which accumulates in the tank. In the gas line between the tank and the carburetor is a coalescer strainer and in the carburetor there is another strainer of very fine mesh wire. The sump should be drained and the strainers cleaned after every 10 hours flying.

Q. What is stagger in an airplane?

A. The distance that the upper wing's leading edge extends forward from the lower wing is known as positive stagger. When the leading edge of the lower wing is in advance of the upper wing it is called negative stagger.

And in the next issue we'll take up more points about flying and airplanes in general. Happy landings!



Graph shows how gliding angle at 100 feet in the air is shortened from 1,500 to 500 feet with air brakes applied thus permitting the large airliner to land safely in fields one-third the size required by planes without brakes.

THE BLACK LAGOON

BY

Tom Cooper

SAY BILL I'M FED UP!
NO PEARL-NO SHELL-
AND NO DOUGH! I AIM
WE MAKE A MOVE!

WHERE TO?
OLD BUCKO!

LET'S TAKE A SHOT AT
CRATER ISLAND!

D'YOU MEAN THE
BLACK LAGOON!
YOU'RE CRAZY MAN.
NO ONE EVER CAME
OUT O' THAT HOLE
ALIVE!

GOSH BILL! EVERY TIME
WE GO DOWN, WE ARE AL-
WAYS TAKING A CHANCE!
YOU KNOW THAT! BESIDES
IT'S RICH IN PEARL SHELL!

TRUE ENOUGH JAKE -- BUT
YOU DON'T REALIZE WHAT
THE THING IS! HOWEVER AS
WE NEED MONEY I'M WILLING
TO TAKE A CHANCE! - WHEN
DO WE SAIL?

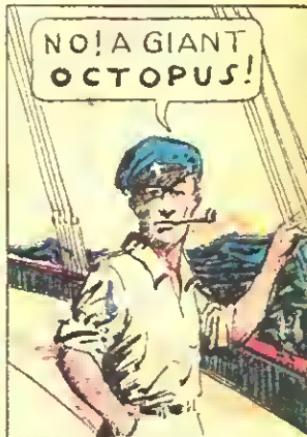
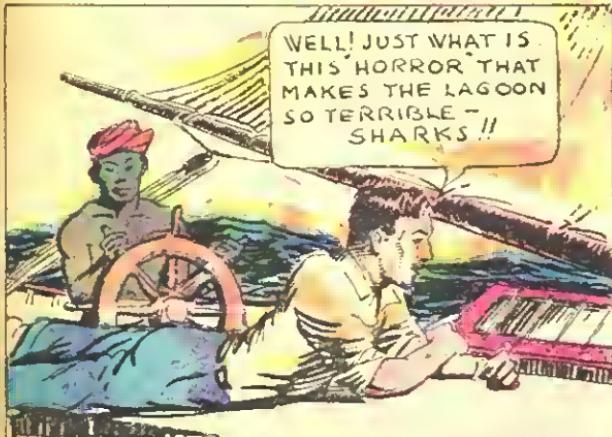
BILL HORTON AND JAKE BLYTH SET A COURSE FOR THE "BLACK LAGOON" CRATER ISLAND. THE LAST KNOWN MAN TO DIVE FOR PEARL SHELL THERE ESCAPED THE TERROR OF THE DEEP. BUT WENT STARK MAD LATER!

DO YOU KNOW JAKE, THAT THE NATIVES ARE SUPER STITIOUS ABOUT THE "LAGOON"? THEIR GOD IS LIGHT - SUN, MOON, STARS AND FIRE! - BUT OLD NICK HOLDS FORTH IN THE WATERS SURROUNDING THE ISLAND!



WELL! JUST WHAT IS THIS HORROR THAT MAKES THE LAGOON SO TERRIBLE - SHARKS!!

NO! A GIANT OCTOPUS!



A FEW DAYS LATER

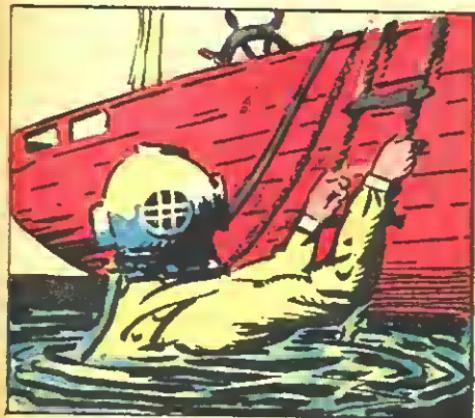
THERE SHE IS!
THE
BLACK LAGOON!





WHITE MAN FOOLISH! GO
INTO DEVIL WATERS - NO
COME BACK! -- LOOK!
NATIVE BOY DIE!





STUBBIE

by

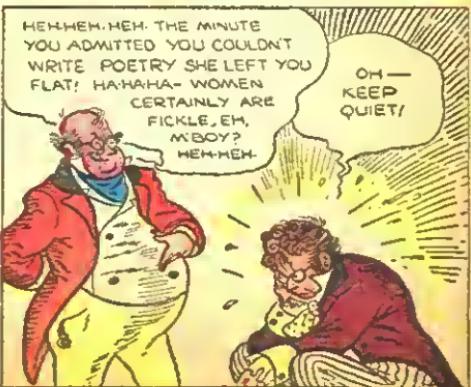
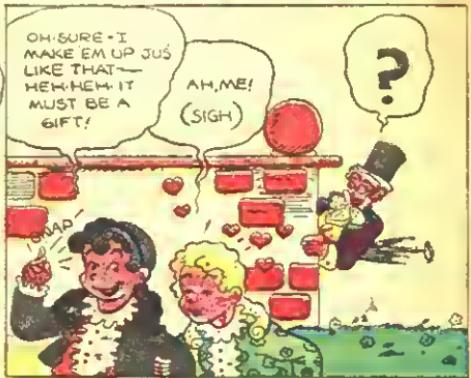
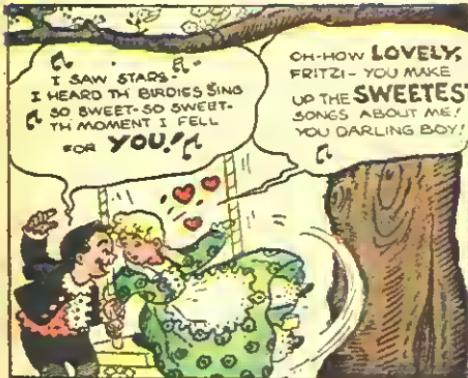
CLYDE
DOON





THE STRANGE ADVENTURES of MR. WEED

By SHELDON MAYER





FREDDIE BELL

HE MEANS WELL

by
Matt
Curzon





This is a Regular Feature of The Comics Magazine

MAT
CURZON

SPUNK HAZARD

I WANT MY RENT
RIGHT NOW OR THERE'LL
BE TROUBLE, MRS. SPUNK

WHY-A-
IT'S LIKE
THIS--



M-MY MANAGER IS OUT GETTING
ME A J-JOB, MRS. PLOOP! I EXPECT
HIM ANY MINUTE! I'LL PAY UP D-DON'T
WORRY!!



WHOOPS! OUR TROUBLES ARE
OVER! YOU'VE GOT A JOB!



THINK OF IT!
A HUNDRED SMACKERS
FOR MAKIN' A LIL'
PARACHUTE JUMP

SAY! FOR A
HUNDRED I'D
JUMP OFF
TH'TOP OF
TH' EMPIRE
STATE
BUILDING!



SWELL! BECAUSE
THAT'S JUST WHAT
YOU'VE GOTTA DO:

HUH?



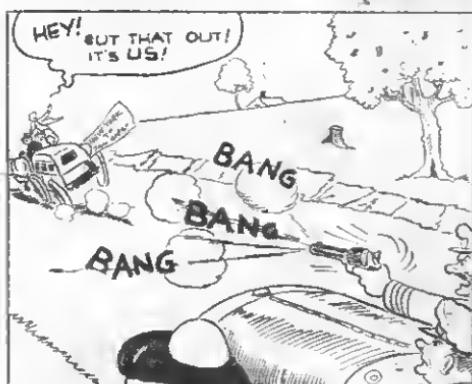
YA CAN'T BACK
OUTSPUNK!
I'VE SIGNED UP!
YOU JUMP AT
3:30 T'DAY SO
HURRY!

A FINE PAL!
I WON'T DO IT!
I CAN'T DO IT!
IT'S SURE
DEATH!!



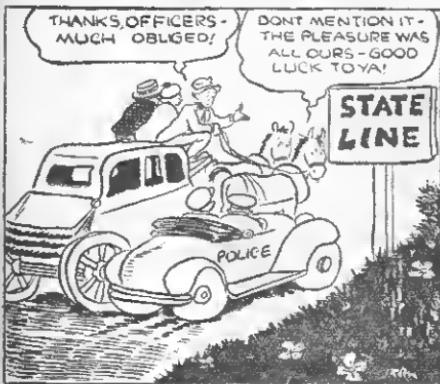
by
STAN RANDALL





J. WORTHINGTON BLIMP, ESQ.

BY SHELDON
MAYER.





PROF. NERTZ

PROF. NERTZ

by JOHN PATTERSON



PETE

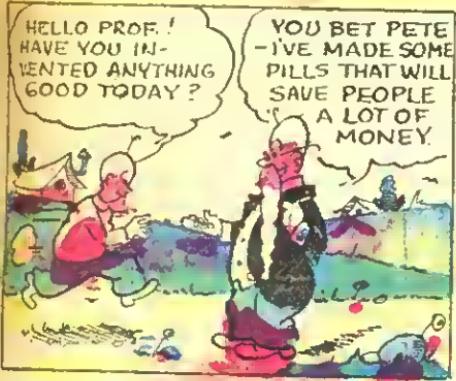


PROFESSOR NERTZ CAN INVENT ALMOST ANYTHING. HE IS WORKING ON ONE OF HIS EXPERIMENTS NOW.



PROF. NERTZ

by JOHN PATERSON

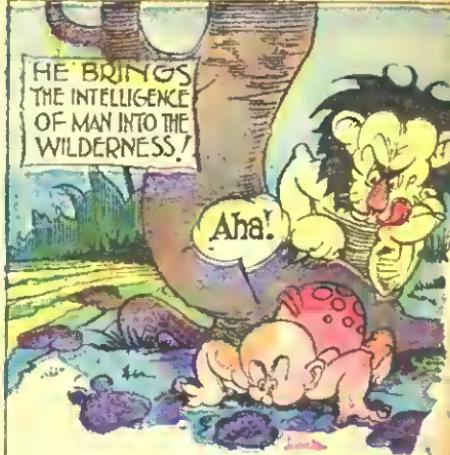


BACK TO NATURE WITH **CANNONBALL JONES**

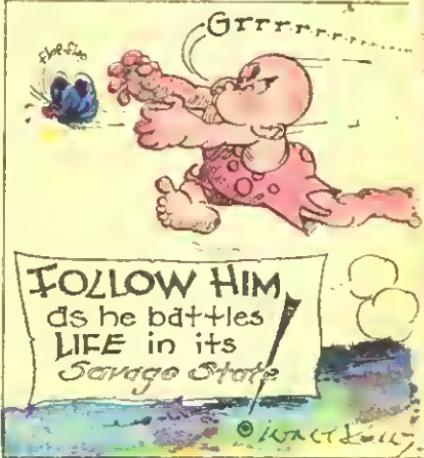
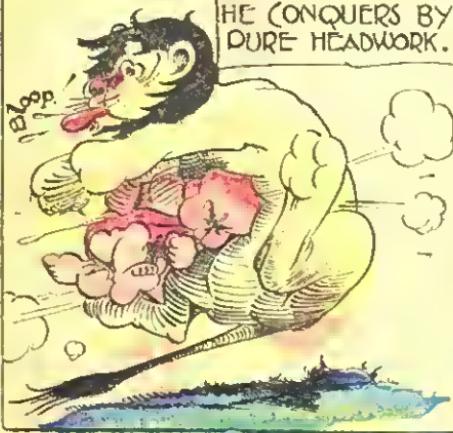
THE SCOURGE
OF THE JUNGLE;
MUSCLES OF
STEEL AND A
HEAD OF IRON



HE BRINGS
THE INTELLIGENCE
OF MAN INTO THE
WILDERNESS.



HE CONQUERS BY
PURE HEADWORK.



TIME WAITS FOR NO MAN

By RANDALL



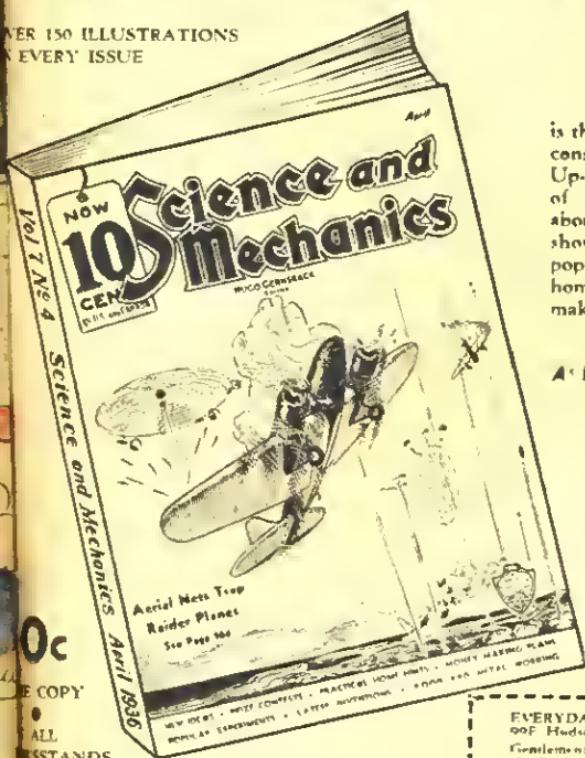
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